

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,  
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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# MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

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Let him who sighs in sadness hear,  
Rejoice to know a friend is near !  
What heavenly sounds are those I hear ?  
What being comes the gloom to cheer ?  
When in the storm on Columbia's coast,  
The night-watch guards his weary post,  
From thoughts of danger free :  
He marks some vessel's dusky form,  
And hears, amid the howling storm,  
The minute gun at sea !

Swift on the shore a hardy few  
The life-boat man with a gallant crew,  
And dare the dangerous wave !  
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,  
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay—  
For, they go the crew to save.

But oh ! what rapture fills each breast  
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distressed  
When landed safe, what joys to tell  
Of all the dangers that befell !  
Then is heard no more  
By the watch on the shore :  
The minute gun at sea.

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